

# Press-Herald

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## The View From the Top

Deeply concerned over the spread of "mobism" in the United States, Senate Democratic Leader Mike Mansfield has called for a halt in the too prevalent habit of blaming it on what he termed "the blanket and glib charge of police brutality."

Police, the Montana Senator declared, are not responsible for the causes that bring mob violence; they have the task of upholding the law, and do an excellent job of it even though the monetary rewards for their dangerous work are something quite less than princely, with limited fringe benefits such as overtime and bonuses.

The police act as an essential control over mass violation of law until deeper solutions of the basic problems can be achieved, the Senate leader pointed out. He strongly urged communities everywhere to give their police every possible support and to do everything possible to upgrade the quality and the compensations of this vital arm of the law.

On such sensible approaches will the problems of our disturbed day solved.

With something less than the broad view of his party aide in the Senate, President Johnson issued what many considered to be a virtual incitement to rioting when he brought up the race problem as a whip to spur action on a home-rule bill for the District of Columbia.

The President painted a picture of further rioting in the nation's metropolitan centers—including Washington—unless something was done for resentful minorities who "feel they don't get a fair shake" and that "justice" is foreclosed to them.

It seemed to many that he almost said we should accept the blackmail of bombs and burnings and lootings and beatings.

The way to settle the massive problems of the capital city and of other large cities lies not in the direction of such submission but in the direction outlined by Senator Mansfield. In a nation of laws, adherence to the law must be demanded of all and changes in the law must be brought about within the framework of traditional government.

We cannot submit to the pressure of the Molotov cocktail.

### OTHERS SAY:

#### Where Do They Stop?

A short time ago, Senator Hruska of Nebraska said: "No longer do we talk about whether federal agencies can be halted before they get too far into the City Hall or the Board of Education offices. Now the talk is whether or not it is possible even to preserve the City Hall or these offices . . . or whether city and school board officials will have to merge their offices with others already in the Federal Building."

The Senator's picture is not an exaggerated one. An extensive system of federal aid to education has come into existence and, if past precedent means anything at all, the future will see a further extension with the inevitable federal controls that will accompany it. The advocates of the Department of Urban Affairs apparently look to a future in which this agency will be responsible for dealing with just about every problem known to city dwellers. And federal grants for municipal purposes as sewage systems and area redevelopment have already given the central government a dominant interest in and control over purely local matters.

In other words, state and local governments are being steadily submerged and vast Washington bureaucracies are taking over. The money cost is enormous. More important is the price paid through loss of local responsibility, local rights, and local pride and achievement. The great question now is how far this movement, which is steadily destroying the traditional divisions of powers between governing bodies, will be allowed to go. —Industrial News Review.

The Ohio State Medical Association is slamming a directive from the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare requiring doctors to sign a pledge that they will comply with the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and not practice discrimination among welfare patients. Such a requirement, complains the association, is making "second-class citizens" of Ohio physicians, about 4,900 of whom have signed the oath and are now having second thoughts. The self-imposed ethics of the medical profession apparently carry little weight with the bureaucrats. —Pomona (Calif.) Progress-Bulletin.

### Morning Report:

There was a day when national politics ended at the seashore. But as I read it, that's exactly where the next Presidential campaign is going to begin.

On the domestic scene, Mr. Johnson has come out against poverty, in favor of beauty, against crime, and in favor of prosperity for everybody. That's a pretty imposing batting order for the Republicans to pitch against. The Republican candidate would have to beat the drums for impoverished, ugly criminals trying to make do in a bankrupt society. No votes there.

But overseas, the Republican would have everything going for him. Deadlock in Viet Nam. Disaster in India. Crisis with China. And exasperation in Europe. Wow!

Abe Mellinkoff



STAN DELAPLANE

## Madeira is Cheap, But You May Get Rock Happy

"Where do we get information on living in Madeira—about six months to a year?"

Casa de Portugal, 447 Madison Avenue, New York City is the government information center. Madeira is tropical along the rocky coast—bananas and sugar cane. The island rises to 6,000 cool feet. The city of Funchal is about 100,000. Two hours by air from Lisbon, overnight by boat. It's very cheap living. But it seemed to me you'd get awfully rock-happy after awhile. Little towns near Lisbon are just as inexpensive. Gives you more to do.

"You advised the American Drug Store in Tokyo for prescriptions. It is no longer in the Nikkatsu Building. It's about five blocks away."

It's hard to keep up with a changing world. "The Moving Finger Writes, and having Writ, finds the drug store has Moved on."

"Can you suggest a ship out of New Orleans for the Virgin Islands and a hotel? This is a honeymoon."

The Alcoa goes out of New Orleans. I've heard it's good but I don't know the ships. On St. Thomas, Blue-beard's Castle is good—the island will be crowded fall and winter. For something quieter, Estate Good Hope on the island of St. Croix is on the water, fine rooms and the food was very good.

"You said the Tour d'Argent in Paris is high-priced. But for a once-in-a-lifetime deal, the service, food and just surroundings was well worth it . . ."

Agreed. This is where they pay the light bill for Notre Dame so diners can see the cathedral lit up. And each duck (the specialty) is served with name, rank and serial number. Very elegant. For the one-night in Paris, either here or Maxim's.

"How do you go about planning trips in Canada? By car? By rail?"

Write the Canadian Tourist Bureau, Ottawa, Canada. And they flood you with maps, literature, national parks, rates. One of the most efficient tourist bureaus—there aren't many. Give them a definite area or route.

"When are off-season rates in Hawaii?"

Hawaii has no off-season rates—and no off-season. Tourists come in all year round. Least crowded time is October-November and just after New Year's. The outer islands are still less crowded than Waikiki. But they're coming along fast. Hotels and rates by writing Hawaii's Visitors Bureau, Honolulu, Hawaii.

"For Christmas in Mexico, what type of clothing, please for a woman?"

In Mexico City, dress as you would for any big city. No formals needed. But you will want a cocktail dress or two for big hotels. In the country, dress is casual. Shorts and slacks are still a little too much except at the beach resorts like Acapulco.

Mexico City and the highlands can be warm one day and freezing the next. Acapulco will be hot. You need

clothes for both. Baggage becomes a problem. Everything is downhill from Mexico City. You can always get out of sold weather by going down a couple of thousand feet.

"We are planning a cycling trip next summer in Europe. What will it cost two students a day?"

I've talked to boys who said they were doing it on \$2 a day. It sounded quite Spartan—sleeping out, doing their own cooking. Others do it with Youth Hostels on \$5 per person or very well on \$10. I wrote a thing on this from firsthand reports—a friend of mine cycled for six months. You send me a stamped envelope, I send you the material. It's free.

"Will you suggest a hotel in Mexico City that is reasonable. It's our first time."

The Geneva with rooms at about \$6 or \$8 a day. It's an easy way to break into the city the first time. They speak English. Breakfast American-style. Water and salads are safe. I think it's the only hotel in Mexico that cashes your dollars into pesos at bank rates—no cut.

WILLIAM HOGAN

## Photographs Capture All Of the Big Sur Country

The Big Sur country—that stretch of coast between Point Lobos and Piedras Blancas—is one of the great meetings of wild ocean and almost-wild coast in the world and ought to be preserved in perpetuity. That is the underlying message in the Sierra Club's magnificent photographic record of the Big Sur region. This is the second of two superb new units in the Club's Exhibit Format Series, now numbering 11, to be issued this month. The other is a moving photographic survey of what has been called America's Wilderness Alps, "The Cascades."

The book is titled "Not Man Apart," from a line by Robinson Jeffers: "Integrity is wholeness, the greatest beauty is organic wholeness, the wholeness of life and things, the divine beauty of the universe. Love that, not man apart from that, or else you will share man's pitiful confusions, or drown in his despair when his days darken." There are photographs by

HERB CAEN SAYS:

## He's Not Really Bald, The Others are Hairy

THOUGHT FOR TODAY: As I regard my receding hairline in the mirror these mornings, I keep in mind the deathless words of shiny-skulled Ben Blue, who once said: "I don't think of myself as bald, I think of other men as hairy."

UNHAPPY LOT: Policemen's wives have been writing in to complain that I'm always putting the knock on their guys, and they've got a point. There are a lot of good cops around and they seldom get a fair shake, especially compared to firemen. When it comes to images, the firemen have it made: pulling old ladies out of burning houses, rescuing cats from phone poles, waving to kids from the hook'n'ladders, repairing toys and humming happy-tunes as they sit around between fires. There have to be some bad firemen, but you never hear about them. The poor cop is the guy who says "Lemme see your license," wheels out the "No Left Turn" sign when you're about to make a left turn, and generally louses up everybody's fun and games, even when he doesn't want to. That's why I'm delighted today to hear about a cop who warned a kid hitch-hiking the other day: "Hitch-hiking is against the law." When the kid explained he was broke and had to get home, the cop whipped out a dollar bill and gave it to him. A good cop. Just as good as one of those lucky firemen any day.

MUTTERS AND MUM-

ROYCE BRIER

## Hate for Western World Cause of Asian Turmoil

You may be fairly sure John Foster Dulles had not read much in Asian history when he committed us to intervention in Indo-China in the 1950s.

Indeed, there is little evidence Mr. Dulles understood the historical dynamics of this century, let alone the last. Yet our involvement in Asia, which we narrow down to a small, stubborn stake in Viet Nam, is an involvement in a plunging history touching half of mankind.

It was all started by the Portuguese more or less in the 1500s. Explorers, they would colonize the Far East in the expanding way of the Western world, exploiting the ancient peoples. They

BLES: People who say "It's not the money, it's the principle," mean it's the money . . . Among the many things I can't imagine is what the Beatles will look like when they are middle-aged . . . "What's 'in' these days? Well, for the young ladies, it would seem to be black stockings, white shoes and big white handbag, the worst combination since ice cream and chili beans. For the compleat dinner host, it's passing around a box of pre-Castro Havana cigars. In the social set, it's Lalique glass ornaments on the hood of your Continental . . . Whoever told fashion models that they look sexy or striking with their legs far apart, like bird-legged Colossi of Rhodes, told them wrong . . . Nominated for oblivion: Writers who compound a cliché by adding, "to coin a phrase," thereby making a bad thing infinitely worse . . . Memorable quote from a realtor showing an old house: "You can get it for \$80,000, you put in \$20,000 in improvements, and right away you've got yourself a \$100,000 house." Good thinking.

LITTLE THINGS that made the day: The red flag coming down from the Phone Bldg. tower, and Old Glory going up. An aircraft carrier—sailing in, not out. The hostess at a cocktail party announcing: "Why doesn't everybody sit down?" Turning on the FM in the a.m. to hear Szell's Cleveland just beginning the Brahms Third. Reading "Continued fair" in the weather report. A visitor on

his first trip to S.F. says, "It's even better than I'd heard . . . Little things that ruin the day: The man leaving the party says, 'Nice to have seen you again' just as you are saying 'Nice to have met you.'" Your partner opens two spades and you pick up a Yarborough. You honk your horn at the driver in front of you and then discover he had stopped to let a blind man cross. The joke you just heard, and that you tell at a dinner party, turns out to have been old when Reader's Digest printed it in 1928. You stumble into an extra-dark movie house and sit on a Little Old Lady holding an ice cream sandwich in her lap.

ADD LAWS for our time

Opposition to a proposed freeway increases in direct proportion to its proximity to property owned by people with power. In any case, we're doomed to freeways and more freeways, and it's a safe bet they'll be built where the neighbors aren't rich or powerful enough to do much about them. Anyway, what's the alternative? People who have their own cars aren't going back to buses, trolleys or even subways, no matter how congested the roads get. A car or two in every family is part of the New Freedom. Freeways are part of the price.

CAEN ON THE COB: Every time I see a mention of the California Prune Advisory Board, I wonder: what kind of advice CAN you give a prune? . . .

we were soon followed by all Europe. Then and there, the ancient peoples took a strong dislike to the West, and with some justification. Gradually this turned to a frustrated hatred, and it continued, smoldering ominously, until our own century. Then a great stroke of luck came to the Asians—the Western peoples started quarreling among themselves on a disastrous scale. The Japanese were the very first to take advantage of this division, consolidating their energy and power on the Asian mainland, threatening the failing Western grip. In 25 years they

were ready, and with lightning strokes overturned the British, Dutch and French empires out there. Though the Japanese miscalculated the Americans, the West was out of the Far East forever. The Asians were free of the 400-year yoke. But free for what? That is the question being fought out this minute, and to be fought out for years to come. The Asians are resolved that never again will they come under the Western yoke. Further, they will win. It is their home, and we are far away. The West is not big enough or strong enough anymore to tell this vast segment of mankind how to live. Do we understand this prodigious turn of history? Apparently not. For we are trying to get them to live our way. Moreover, we are failing, and we don't seem to understand that, either.

We, the Americans, earnestly say we are not trying to restore a yoke, that all we want is freedom for the Vietnamese to live their own lives. But did it ever occur to us that maybe this is the yoke, that maybe they don't want freedom? Why should they? They never tasted it. Anyway, they don't believe us. They say they have 400 years to prove we are liars. What they want is the West to get the hell out of Asia. They are incapable now of governing themselves, so what? Self-government is a Western idea, and who wants it? We are of the East. The Viet Nam war and the Kashmir war are all the same war. It is Asia in convulsion, Asia is seeking its own level in mankind. Guns are only incidental; ideas wield ten times the power. The United States cannot arrest or cure this convulsion, either with guns or ideas. It could conceivably force a negotiation in Viet Nam, and the next week the whole works blows up. The convulsion goes on, because it is history, and not even Caesar could stop history more than a few years, and then in a small and simple world.

## We Quote . . .

The human race is in the best condition when it has the greatest degree of liberty.—Dante.

The grandest "Great Society" which we could build would be to both discipline our own selves and to teach our children a good lesson in old fashioned thrift.—Carl C. Wood, Yoakum, Tex.

The fellow who tries to make his job a snap usually gets bit.—Margaret K. France, North Industry, Ohio.

Conscience is the still small voice that makes us feel smaller.—Van W. Davis, Huntsville, Mo.

When the guns boom, the arts die.—Playwright Arthur Miller.

Why do we need a Congress? Everything the President asks for he gets, so let's do away with Congress and open up a House of Lords.—B. Martin, San Diego.

### My Neighbors



"Oh, come now . . ."